

THE XIV. 16. 51
HEIRE.

A
COMEDIE.

As it was Acted by the Company
of the Revels.

1620.

Written by T. M.

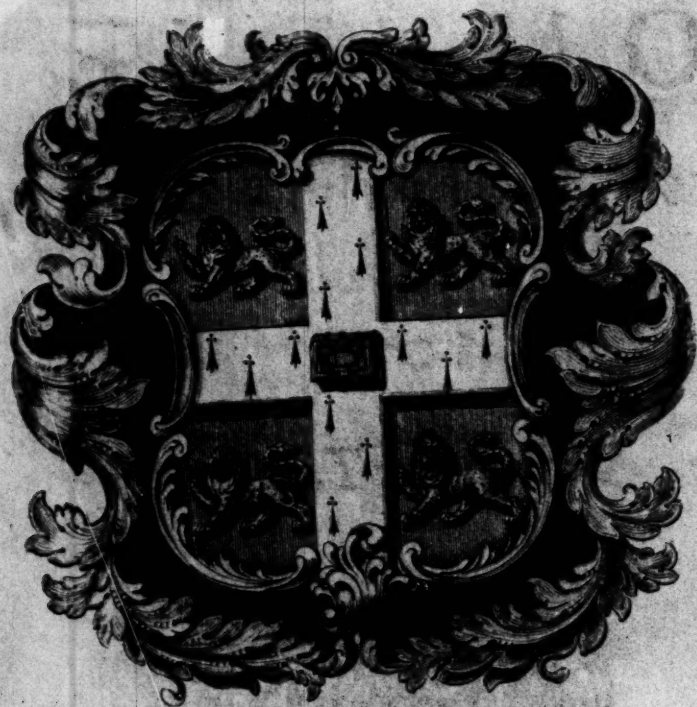


LONDON,

Printed by *Augustine Mathewes*, for *Thomas Iones*,
and are to be sold at his shop in *S. Dunstons*
Church-yard in Fleetstreet.

1633.

THE
H E I R E



Academiae Cantabrigiensis
Liber.

3436:81

Printed by Messrs. J. & W. Smith, for T. & A. D. and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstons Church-yard in Fleet-street.

1687



TO MY HONOURED
friend, Master Thomas May, upon
his Comedy, *The Heire*.

The Heire being borne, was in his tender age
Rockt in the Cradle of a private Stage,
Where lifted up by many a willing hand,
The child did from the first day fairely stand,
Since having gather'd strength, he dares preferre
His steps into the publike Theater
The World: where he dispaire not but to find
A doome from men more able, not lesse kind.

I but his Vsher am, yet if my word
May passe, I dare be bound he will afford
Things must deserve a welcome, if well knowne
Such as best writers would have wisht their owne.

You shall observe his words in order meete
And softly stealing on with equall feete
Slide into even numbers, with such grace
As each word had beene moulded for that place.

You shall perceiue an amorous passion, spunne
Into so smooth a web, as had the Sunne
When he pursu'd the swiftly flying Maid,
Courtred her in such language, she had staid,
A love so well exprest must be the same
The Authour felt himselfe from his fayre flame.

The whole plot doth alike it selfe disclose
Through the five Acts, as doth a Locke, that goes
With letters, for till every one be knowne,
The Lock's as fast as if you had found none.
And where his sportive Muse doth draw a thread
Of mirth, chaste Matrons may not blush to reade.

Thus have I thought it fitter to reveale
My want of art (deare friend) then to conceale
My love. It did appeare I did not meane
So to commend thy well-wrought Comicke-scene,
As men might judge my aime rather to be,
To gaine praise to my selfe, then give it thee;
Though I can give thee none, but what thou hast
Deserv'd, and what must my faint breath outlast.

Yet was this garment (though ∇ skillesse be
To take thy measure) onely made for thee,
And if it prove too scant, 'tis canse the stuffe
Nature allow'd me was not large enough.

Thomas Carew.



The Names of the Actors.

Virro,	<i>An old rich Count,</i>
Polimetes,	<i>An old Lord.</i>
Eugenio,	<i>His sonne.</i>
Leucothoë,	<i>His daughter.</i>
Roscio,	<i>His man.</i>
Euphues,	<i>Another Lord.</i>
Philocles,	<i>His sonne.</i>
Clerimont,	<i>A gentleman friend to Philocles.</i>
Franklin,	<i>An old rich gentleman.</i>
Luce,	<i>His daughter.</i>
Francisco,	<i>A young man.</i>
Shallow,	<i>A foolish gentleman.</i>
Nicanor,	<i>A Courtier.</i>
Matho,	<i>A Lawyer.</i>
Pfecas,	<i>A waiting Gentlewoman.</i>
A Parson.	
A Sumner.	
A Constable and Watch.	
Servants.	



Prologus.

Iudicious friends, if what shall here be scene
May tast your sense, or ope your tickled spleene;
Our Authour has his wish, he does not meane
To rub your galles with a satyricke scene,
Nor toyle your braines, to finde the fustian sense
Of those poore lines, that cannot recompence
The paines of study; Comedies soft straine
Should not perplexe, but recreate the braine;
His straine is such, he hopes it; but referres
That to the Test of your iudicious eares.

AN



A COMEDIE CALLED THE HEIRE.

Enter *Polimetes, Roscio.*

Pol. *Roscio.* *Ro.* My Lord.
Pol. Hast thou divulg'd the newes
That my sonne dy'd at Athens?

Ro. Yes my Lord.
With every circumstance, the time, the place,
And manner of his death; that 'tis beleev'd,
And told for newes with as much confidence
As if 'twere writ in Gallobelgicus.

Pol. That's well, that's very well, now *Roscio*
Followes may part, I must expresse a griefe
Not usuall, not like a well left Heire
For his dead father, or a lusty Widdow
For her old husband, must I counterfeit,
But in a deeper, a farre deeper straine
Weepe like a father for his onely sonne,
Is not that hard to doe, ha, *Roscio*?

Ro. Oh no my Lord,
Not for your skill, has not your Lordship scene
A Player personate *Hieronimo*?

Pol. By th'masse tis true, I have seen the knave paint grief
In such a lively colour, that for false
And acted passion he has drawne true teares.
From the spectators, Ladies in the boxes
Kept time with sighs, and teares to his sad accents
As had he truely been the man he seem'd.
Well then Ile nere despaire, but tell me thou
Thou that hast still been privie to my bosome,

The Heire.

How will this project take?

Ros. Rarely my Lord,
Even now mee thinkes, I see your Lordships house
Haunted with suitors of the noblest ranke,
And my young Lady your supposed Heire
Tir'd more with woing then the Grecian Queene
In the long absence of her wandring Lord,
There's not a ruinous Nobility
In all this kingdome, but conceives a hope
Now to rebuild his fortunes on this match.

Pol. Those are not they I looke for, no, my nets
Are spread for other game, the rich and greedy
Thole that have wealth enough, yet gape for more
They are for me. *Ros.* Others will come my Lord,
All sorts of fish will presse upon your nets,
Then in your Lordships wisdom it must lie
To cull the great ones, and reject the fric.

Pol. Nay feare not that, ther's none shall have access
To see my daughter, or to speake to her;
But such as I approove, and aime to catch.

Ros. The jest will be my Lord, when you shall see
How your aspiring suitors will put on
The face of greatnesse, and bely their fortunes,
Consume themselves in shew, wasting like Merchants
Their present wealth in rigging a faire ship
For some ill ventur'd voyage, that undoes um.
Here comes a youth with letters from the court,
Bought of some favourite at such a price
As will for ever sinke him, yet alas
All's to no purpose, he must loose the prize.

Pol. 'Twill feede me fat with sport that it shall make,
Besides the large adventures it brings home
Vnto my daughter. How now. *Enter Servant.*

Ser. My Lord, Count *Virro* is come to see you.

Pol. Conduct him in; So, so, it takes already
See *Roselo* see, this is the very man
My project aim'd at, the rich Count that knowes

No

The Heire.

No end of his large wealth, yet gapes for more.
There was no other Loadstone could attract
His Iron heart; for could beauty have mov'd him,
Nature has beene no niggard to my girl,
But I must to my griefe, here comes the Count.

Enter Count Virro.

Vir. Is your Lord a sleepe? Ro. No Sir,
I thinke not, my Lord, Count Virro.

Vir. How doe you Sir?

Pol. I doe intreate your Lordship pardon mee, griefe
and some want of sleepe have made mee at this time un-
mannerly, not fit to entertaine guests of your worth.

Vir. Alas Sir I know your griefe.

Ro. 'Twas that that fetcht you hither. *aside.*

Vir. Y'have lost a worthy and a hopefull sonne,
But heaven that always gives, wiil sometimes take
And that the best, there is no balsome left us
To cure such wounds as these but patience,
There is no disputing with the acts of heaven,
But if there were, in what could you accuse
Those Powers that els have bin so liberall to you,
And left you yet one comfort in your age:
A faire and vertuous daughter.

Ro. Now it begins.

Vir. Your blood is not extinct, nor your age childlesse,
From that faire branch that's left may come much fruit
To glad posterity, thinke on that my Lord.

Pol. Nay heaven forbid I should repine at what the
justice of those Powers ordaine, it has pleas'd them to
confine my care onely to one, and to see her well
bestow'd is all the comfort I now must looke for,
but if it had pleas'd heaven that my sonne, ah my
Eugenio. *he weepes.*

Vir. Alas good Gentleman.

Ros. 'Fore heaven he does it rarely.

Vir. But Sir, remember your selfe, remember your
daughter, let not your griefe for the dead make you forget

The Heire.

the living, whose hopes, and fortunes depend upon your safety.

Pol. Oh my good Lord, you never had a sonne.

Ros. Vnlesse they were bastards, and for them no doubt but he has done as other Lords doe.

Pol. And therefore cannot tell what tis to lose a son, a good sonne, and an onely sonne.

Vir. I would, my Lord, I could as well redresse
As I can take compassion of your griefe,

You should soone finde an ease.

Pol. Pray pardon me my Lord, if I forget my selfe toward you at this time, if it please you visite my house after you shall be welcome.

Vir. You would faine sleep my Lord, Ile take my leave; heaven send you comfort, I shall make bold shortly to visite you.

Pol. You shall be wondrous welcome,
Waite on my Lord out there. *exit Virro.*
So now he's gone, how thinkest thou *Roscio*,
Will not this Gudgeon bite?

Ros. No doubt my Lord,
So faire a baite would catch a cunning fish.

Pol. And such a one is he, he ever lov'd
The beauty of my girle, but that's not it
Can draw the earth bred thoughts of his grosse soule
Gold is the God of his Idolatry,
With hope of which Ile feede him, till at length
I make him fasten, and *stick* like
For his lov'd *Iuno* graspe an empty cloud.

Ros. How stands my young Lady affected to him?

Pol. There's all the difficultie, wee must winne her to love him, I doubt the peevish girle will thinke him too old, hee's well neere fifty: In this businesse I must leave somewhat to thy wit and care, praise him beyond all measure.

Ros. Your Lordship ever found me trusty.

Pol. If thou effect it, I will make thee happy. *exennt.*

Enter

The Heire.

Enter *Philocles*, *Clerimont*.

Phi. *Eugenie*, sister then is the rich heire
By his deceale.

Cler. Yes, and the faire one too,
She needes no glosse that fortune can set on her,
Her beauty of it selfe were prize enough
To make a King turne begger for.

Phil. Hoy day
What in love *Clerimont*, I lay my life tis so,
Thou couldst not praise her with such passion else.

Cler. I know not, I slept well enough last night,
But if thou sawst her once, I would not give
A farthing for thy life, I tell thee *Philocles*.
One sight of her would make thee cry, ay me,
Sigh, and looke pale, me thinkes I doe imagine
How like an Idolatrous lover thou wouldst looke
Through the eye-lids, know no body.

Phi. Tis very well, but how did your worship scape
You have seene her.

Cler. True, but I have an
Antidote, and I can teach it thee.

Phi. When
I have need on't, Ile desire it.

Cler. And it will
Be worth thy learning, when thou shalt see the
Tyranny of that same scurvy boy, and what fooles
He makes of us; shall I describe the beast?

Phil. What beast? *Cler.* A lover. *Phi.* Doe.

Cler. Then to be briefe, I will passe over the opinion of
your ancient fathers, as likewise those strange Loves spo-
ken of in the authentike histories of Chivalrie, *Amadis*
de Gaule, *Parisinus*, the Knight of the Sunne, or the witty
Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, where those brave men
whom neither Enchantments, Gyants, Wind-mills, nor
flockes of sheepe could vanquish, are made the trophies
of triumphing love.

Phi. Prithee come to the matter.

Cler. Neither will I mention the complaints of Sir *Guy*
for the faire *Phelie*, nor the travels of *Parisinus* for the love
of the beautious *Lanrana*, nor lastly, the most sad penance
of the ingenious knight *Don Quixote* upon the mountaines
of *Scienna Morena*, moved by the unjust disdain of the
Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, as for our moderne Authours, I

The Heire

will not so much as name them, no not that excellent treatise of *Tullies* Love, written by the Master of Art.

Phi. I would thou wouldst passe over this passing over of Authors, and speake thine owne judgement.

Cler. Why then to be brieft, I thinke a Lover lookes like an Affe.

Phi. I can describe him better then fo my selfe, hee lookes like a man that had sitten up at Cards all night, or a stale Drunkard wakened in the middst of his sleepe.

Cle. But *Philocles*, I would not have thee see this Lady, she has a bewitching looke.

Phi. How dar'st thou venture man, what strange medicine hast thou found, *Ovid* nere taught it thee, I doubt I guesse thy remedy, for love, goe to a bawdy hense, or so, is't not?

Cler. Faith, and that's a good way I can tell you, wee younger brothers are beholding to it, alas wee must not fall in love and choose whom wee like best, wee have no Ioyntures for um, as you blest heires can have.

Phil. Well I have found you sir, and prithee tell mee, how get'st thou wenches?

Cler. Why I can want no Panders, I lye in the Constables house. *Phi.* And there you may whore by authority But *Clerim^o* nt, I doubt this Paragon

That thou so praifest, is some ill favoured Wench Whom thou wouldst have me laugh'd at for commending?

Cler. Beleev't I spoke in earnest, trust your eyes, Ile shew you her. *Phi.* How canst thou doe it?

Thou know'st this Ladies father is to mine

A deadly enemy, nor is his house

Open to any of our kindred. *Cler.* That's no matter,

My lodging's the next doore to this Lords house,

And my backe window lookes into his garden,

There every morning faire *Lencothoe*,

(For so I heare her nam'd) walking alone,

To please her senses, makes *Aurora* blush,

To see one brighter then her selfe appeare.

Phil. Well I will see her then.

exennt.

Enter

The Heire.

Enter *Franklin, Francisco, Luce* grvida.

Franc. Yet for her sake be aduised better fir.

Frank. Impudent Rascall, canst looke me i'th face, and know how thou hast wrong'd me, thou hast dishonoured my daughter, made a whore of her.

Franc. Gentle fir,

The wrong my love has made to your faire daughter
Tis now too late to wish undone againe,
But if you please, it may be yet clos'd up
Without dishonour, I will marry her.

Frank. Marry her, she has a hot catch of that, marry a beggar, what *Joyniture* canst thou make her?

Franc. Sir I am poore I must confesse,
Fortune has blest you better, but I sweare
By all things that can bind, twas not your wealth
Was the foundation of my true built love,
It was her single uncompounded selfe,
Her selfe without addition that I lov'd,
Which shall for ever in my sight outweigh
All other vvomens fortunes, and themselves,
And were I great, as great as I could wish
My selfe for her advancement, no such barre
As Fortunes inequality should stand
Betwixt our loves.

Luce. Good father heare me.

Frank. Dost thou not blush to call me father, strumpet
He make thee an example.

Luce. But heare me fir,

My shame will be your owne.

Frank. No more I say, *Francisco* leave my house, I charge you come not here.

Franc. I must obey and vvill, deare *Luce* be constant.

Luce. Till death.

exit Francisco,

Frank. Here's a fine vvedding towards, the
Bridegroome vvhen he comes for his bride,

Shall

The Heire.

Shall find her great with child by another man,
Palsion a me minion, how have you hid it so long?

Luc. Fearing your anger Sir, I striv'd to hide it.

Franc. Hide it one day more then, or be damn'd.
Hide it till *Shallow* be marryed to thee,
And then let him doe his worst.

Lu. Sir I should too much wrong him.

Frank. Wrong him, there be great Ladies have done
the like, tis no newes to see a bride with child.

Lu. Good Sir.

Frank. Then be wise, lay the child to him, hee's a rich
man, tother's a beggar. *Lu.* I dare not Sir.

Frank. Doe it I say, and he shall father it.

Lu. He knowes he never touch'd me Sir.

Frank. That's all one, lay it to him, wee'll out face him
tis his: but hearken, he is coming, I heare the Musicke,
swear thou wilt doe thy best to make him thinke tis his,
onely for this time, swear quickly. *Lu.* I doe.

Frank. Goe step aside, and come when thy que is, thou
shalt heare us talke. *Lu.* *Aside*

Enter Shallow with musicke.

Sha. Morrow Father.

Frank. Sonne bridegroome welcome, you have beene
lookt for here.

Sha. My Tayler a little disappointed mee, but is my
Bride ready?

Frank. Yes long ago, but you and I will talke a little,
send in your Musicke.

Sha. Goe waite within, and tell me father, did she not
thinke it long till I came?

Frank. I warrant her she did, she loves you not a little.

Sha. Nay that I dare sweare, shee has given me many
tafts of her affection.

Frank. What before you were marryed?

Sha. I meane, in the way of honesty father.

Frank. Nay that I doubt, young wits love to bee try-
ing, and to say truth, I see not how a woman can denie
a man

The Heire.

a man of your youth and person upon those tearmes;
Youle not be knowne on't now.

Shal. I have kist her or so.

Frank. Come, come, I know you are no foole, I should thinke you a very Ass, may I tell you plainly, I should be loth to marry my daughter to you if I thought you had not try'd her in so long acquaintance, but you have try'd her, and she poore soule could not deny you.

Sha. Ha, ha, ha.

Fra. Faith tel me son, tis but a merry question, she's yours

Sha. Vpon my virginity father.

Fran. Swear not by that, Ile nere beleeeve you.

Sha. Why then as I am a gentleman I never did it that I remember.

Fran. That you remember, oh is't thereabouts?

Lnc. Hee'le take it upon him presently.

Fran. You have beene so familiar with her, you have forgot the times, but did you never come in halfe fuddled, and then in a kind humour, *Cetera quis nescit.*

Sha. Indeed I was wont to serve my mothers maides so when I came halfe foxt as you said, and then next morning I should laugh to my selfe.

Frank. Why there it goes, I thought to have chid you son *Shallow*, I knew what you had done, tis too apparant, I would not have people take notice of it, pray God shee hide her great belly as she goes to Church to day.

Sha. Why father is she with child?

Fran. As if you knew not that, fie, fie, leave your dissembling now.

Sha. Sure it cannot bee mine.

Fran. How's this; you would not make my daughter a whore, would you? this is but to try if you can stirre my choller, you wits have strange tricks, do things over night when you are merry, and then deny um. But stay here she comes alone, step aside, she shall not see us. *they step aside.*

Lnc. Ah my deare *Shallow*, thou needst not have made Such hast, my heart thou knowst was firme enough

The Heire.

To thee, but I may blame my owne fond love,
That could not deny thee.

Sha. She's with child indeed, it swells.

Frank. You would not beleewe mee, tis a good wench.
She does it handsomely. *afide.*

Luce. But yet I know if thou hadst beene thy selfe, thou
wouldst nere have offer'd it, twas drinke that made thee.

Sha. Yes sure, I was drunke when I did it, for I had
forgot it, I lay my life twill prove a girle, because twas got
in drinke.

Lu. I am ashamed to see any body.

Fran. Alas poore wretch, goe comfort her, *Luce.*

Shal. Sweet heart, nay never be asham'd, I was a little
too hasty, but Ile make thee amends, wee be married
presently.

Frank. Be cheery *Luce*, you were man and wife before,
it wanted but the ceremony of the Church, and that shall
be presently done.

Sha. I, I, sweet-heart, as soone as may be.

Fran. But now I thinke ont sonne *Shallow*, your wed-
ding must not be publike, as we intended it.

Sha. Why so?

Fran. Because I would not have people take notice of
this fault, wee'l goe to church, only we three, the Minister
& the Clarke, thats witnesses enough, so the time being
unknowne, people will thinke you were married before.

Shal. But will it stand with my worship to be married
in private?

Frank. Yes, yes, the greatest doe it, when they have
beene nibling before hand, there is no other way to save
your brides credite.

Shal. Come lets about it presently.

Fran. This is clos'd up beyond our wishes. *exennt.*

Adanet Luce.

Lu. I am undone, unless thy wit *Francisco*,
Can finde some meanes to free me from this foole,
Who would have thought the sot could be so grosse

To

The Heire.

To take upon him what he never did,
To his owne shame, Ile send to my *Francisco*,
And I must loose no time, for I am dead,
If not deliver'd from this loathed bed.

Actus secundus.

Enter *Philocles*, *Clerimont* at the window.

Cler. See *Philocles*, yonder's that happy shade,
That often vailes the faire *Lencothoe*,
And this her usuall houre, sheele not be long,
Then thou shalt tell me, if so rare an object
Ere blest thine eyes before.

Phi. Well, I would see her once,
Wer't but to try thy judgement *Clerimont*.

Cle. And when thou dost, remember what I told thee,
I would not be so sicke, but soft looke to thy heart,
Yonder she comes, and that's her wayting woman.

Lencothoe, and *Psecas* in the garden.

Now gaze thy fill, speake man, how lik'st thou her?

Len. *Psecas*.

Pse. Madam.

Len. What flower was that,
That thou wert telling such a story of
Last night to me.

Pse. 'Tis call'd *Narcissus* Madam.

It beares the name of that too beauntious boy,
That lost himselfe by loving of himselfe,
Who viewing in a faire and crystall streame
Those lips that onely hee could never kisse
Dotes on the shadow, which to reach in vaine
Striving, he drownes, thus scorning all beside
For the lov'd shadow the faire substance dy'd.

Len. Fie, fie, I like not these impossible tales,
A man to fall in love with his owne shadow,
And dye for love, it is most ridiculous.

The Heire.

Pse. Madam I know not, I have often seene
Both men and women court the looking-glasse
With so much seeming contentation,
That I could thinke this true, nay weare it about um
As lovers doe their Mistresse counterfeite.

Len. Thats not for love, but to correct their beauties
And draw from others admiration,
For all the comfort that our faces give
Vnto our selves is but reflection
Of that faire liking that another takes

Cler. I would we were a little neerer um
We might but heare what talke these wenches have
When they are alone, I warrant some good stuffe.

Phi. 'Tis happinesse enough for me to see
The motion of her lips.

Cler. I'faith is't thereabouts,
Why *Philocles*, what lost already man,
Strooke dead with one poore glance? looke up for shame
And tell me how thou likest my judgement now,
Now thou dost see,

Phi. Ah *Clerimont* too well,
Too well I see what I shall never last,
Yon Ladies beauty: she must needs be cruell
(Though her faire shape deny it) to the sonne
Of him that is her fathers enemy.
That, *Clerimont*, that fatall difference
Checkes my desire, and sinkes my rising hopes,
But love's a torrent violent if stop't,
And I am desperately mad: I must
I must be hers, or else I must not be.

Cler. Containe that passion that will else orewhelme
All virtue in you, all that is call'd man,
And should be yours, take my advice, my heart;
My life to second you, let us consult,
You may find time to speake to her and wooe her,

Phi. Nay, nay I will in spite of destiny,
Let women and faint hearted fooles complaine

The Heire.

In languishing despaire, a manly love
Dares shew it selfe and presse to his desires,
Through thickest troopes of horrid opposites,
Were there a thousand waking Dragons set
To keepe that golden fruit: I would attempt
To plucke and tast it, tis the danger crownes
A brave atchievement: what if I should goe
And boldly wooe her in her fathers house
In spite of enmity, what could they say?

Cle. Twere madnesse that not wisdom: rash attempts
Betray the meanes, but never worke the end.

Phi. She would not hate a man for loving her,
Or if she did, better be once deny'd
Then live for ever haplesse.

Cle. But take time,
The second thoughts our wise men say are best.

Phi. Delay's a double death, no I have thought
A meanes, that straight Ile put in execution,
Ile write a letter to her presently,
Take how it will.

Cle. A Letter, who shall carry it?

Phi. Ile tell thee when I have done, hast thou pen and
inke in thy Chamber.

Cle. Yes, there is one upon the table, Ile stay here at
the vvindow, and vvatch vvwhether she stay or not, vvhat
a suddaine change is this.

Leu. Did not Count *Virro* promise to be here
To day at dinner.

Pse. Yes Madam that he did, and I dare sweare
He vvill not breake.

Leu. He needes not, he is rich enough, unlesse
He should breake in knavery, as some of our Merchants
doe novv adaies.

Pse. Break: promise Madam I meane, and that he vvill
not for your sake, you know his businesse,

Leu. I vvould I did not, he might spare his paines
And that unusuall cost, that he bestowes

The Heire.

In pranking up himselfe, and please me better.

Pse. He would not please his Tayler and his Barbar,
For they get more for your sake by their Lord
Then they have got this twenty yeares before.

Len. Ah *Pseas*, *Pseas*, can my father thinke
That I can love Count *Vire*, one so old
(That were enough to make a match unfit)

But one so base, a man that never lov'd
For any thing call'd good, but drosse and pelfe.
One that would never, had my Brother liv'd,
Have mov'd this suite, no I can never loue him,
But canst thou keepe a secret firmly *Pseas*?

Pse. Doubt me not Madam.

Len. Well, Ile tell thee then,
I love, alas, I dare not say I love him.
But there's a young and noble Gentleman,
Lord *Euphues* sonne, my fathers enemy,
A man whom natures prodigality
Stretch'd even to envy in the making up,
Once from a window my pleas'd eye beheld
This youthfull Gallant as hee rode the street
On a corvetting Courser, who it seem'd
Knew his faire load, and with a proud disdaine
Checkt the base earth, my father being by,
I ask't his name, he told me *Philosoles*,
The sonne and Heire of his great enemy:
Indge *Pseas* then, how my divided brest
Suffer'd betweene two meeting contraries,
Hatred and Love, but Love's a Deity,
And must prevaile gainst mortalls, whose command
Not *Love* himselfe could ever yet withstand.

Chr. What is the letter done already, I see these Lo-
vers have nimble inventions, but how will you send it?

Phi. What a question's that, seest thou this stone.

Cle. Ah, then I see your drift, this stone must guide
Your fleeting letter in the aire, and carry it
To that faire Marke you aime at.

Phi.

The Heire.

Phi. Hard by her.

Cle. I thinke you would not hit her with such stones
as this, Lady looke to your selfe, now't comes to prooffe.

Phi. But prithce tell mee, what doest thou thinke this
Letter may dee?

Cle. Well I hope,
Tis ten to one this Lady oft hath scene you,
You never liv'd obscure in Syracuse,
Nor walk't the streets unknowne, and who can tell
What place you beare in her affections,
Lov'd or mislik'd; if bad, this letter sent
Will make her shew her scorne, if otherwise,
Feare not a womans wit; shee'll find a time
To answer your kind letter and expresse
What you desire she should, then send it boldly,
You have a faire marke there.

Phi. *Cupid* guide my arme,
Oh be as just blind God as thou art great,
And with that powerfull hand, that golden shaft
That I was wounded, wound yon tender brest,
There is no salve but that, no cure for me.

Cle. See what a wonder it strikes um in, how it should
come.

Phi. Shee'l wonder more to see what man it comes from.

Cle. I like her well, shee is not affrayd to open it.
Shee starts, stay marke her action when shee has read the
Letter.

She reads.

"**L** Et it not wrong this Letter that it came
"From one that trembled to subscribe his name,
"Feareing your hate, O let not hate descend,
"Nor make you cruell to so vow'd a friend.
"If youk not promise love, grant but access,
"And let me know my woes are past redresse.
"Be just then beauntious Iudge, and like the Lawes;

"Con.

The Heire.

"Condemne me not till you have heard my cause;
"Which vwhen you have, from those faire lips returne
"Either my life in love, or death in scorne.

Yours or not, *Philocles.*

Am I awake or dreame I, is it true
Or does my flattering fancy but suggest
What I most covet.

Pse. Madame the vwords are there,
He sweare it can be no illusion.

Len. It is too good for truth.

Phi. Mocke me not fortune,
She kist it, savvst thou her, oh friend she kist it.

Cle. And vwith a looke that rellish'd love, not scorne,

Len. This letter may be forged, I much desire to know
the certainty, *Pse.* thy helpe must further me.

Pse. He not be vvanting.

Len. Here comes my father, he must not see this.

Pse. No nor your tother sweete-heart, hee is vvith
him yonder.

Enter *Polimetes, Virro, Roscio.*

Pol. Nay noble Count you are too old a souldier
To take a maides first no, for a denial,
They vvill be nice at first, men must pursue,
That vvill obtaine, vvoe her my Lord and take her,
You have my free consent if you get hers,
Yonder she vvalkes alone, goe comfort her :

Vir. He doe the best I may, but vve old men
Are but cold comfort, I thanke your Lordships love.

Pol. I wonder *Roscio* that the preevish Girl
Comes on so slovvly ; no persvasions
That I can use, doe move. the setting forth
Count *Virroes* greatnesse, vvealth and dignity
Seemes not to affect her, *Roscio.*

Ros. I doubt the cause my Lord,
For vvere not that, I dare ingage my life

She

The Heire.

She would be wonne to love him, she has plac'd
Already her affections on some other.

Pol. How should I find it out?

Ro. Why thus my Lord,
There's never man nor woman that ere lov'd,
But chose some bosome friend whose close converse
Sweeten'd their joyes, and eas'd their burden'd minds
Of such a vvorking secret, thus no doubt
Has my young Lady done, and but her vvoman,
Who should it be? tis she must out vvith it,
Her secrecy, if vvit cannot orereach,
Gold shall corrupt, leave that to me my Lord,
But if her Ladies heart doe yet stand free
And unbequeath'd to any, your command
And fathers jurisdiction interpos'd
Will make her love the Count, no kind of meanes
must vvant to dravv her.

Po. Thou art my Oracle,
My braine, my soule, my very being *Roscio*,
Walke on and speed, vvhile I but second thee.

Cle. It is even so, Count *Virro* is your rivall,
See howv the old Ape smugs up his mouldy chaps
To seize the bit.

Phi. He must not if I live,
But yet her father brings him. he has the meanes
That I shall ever vvant.

Cle. If he doe marry her
Revenge it nobly, make him a Cuckold boy.

Phi. Thou jests that feels it not, prithee lets go.

Cle. Stay, Ile but curse him briefly for thy sake,
If thou dost marry her, mayst thou be made
A Cuckold vvithout profit, and nere get
An Office by it, nor favour at the Court,
But may thy large ill gotten treasury
Be spent in her bought lust, and thine ovvne gold
Bring thee adulterers, so farevvell good Count.

exennt Phi. Cle.

Enter

The Heire.

Enter *Servant*.

Ser. My Lord, there's a Messenger within
Desires access, has businesse of import,
Which to no care but yours he must impart.

Enter *Eugenio* disguised.

Pol. Admit him, now friend, your businesse with me.

Ser. If you be the Lord *Polimates*.

Pol. The same.

Euge. My Lord, I come from Athens with such newes
As I dare say is welcome, though unlook'd for,
Your sonne *Eugenio* lives whom you so long
Thought dead and mourn'd for.

Pol. How lives!

Euge. Vpon my life my Lord I saw him well
Within these few dayes.

Pol. Thanks for thy good newes.
Reward him *Roscio*, but now tell me friend,
Hast thou reveal'd this newes to any man
In Syracuse but me?

Euge. To none my Lord,
At every place where I have staid in towne,
Enquiring for your Lordships house, I heard
These tragicke, but false newes, the contrary
I still conceal'd, though knew, intending first
Your Lordships eare should drinke it.

Pol. Worthy friend,
I now must thanke your wisdom as your love.
In this well carried action, Ile requite it,
Meane time pray use my house, and still continue
Your silence in this businesse, *Roscio* make him welcome,
And part as little from him as you can for feare.

Ros. Thinke it done, my Lord.

Pol. *Psecas* come hither.

Vir. Bee like your selfe, let not a cruell doome
Passe those faire lips, that never were ordain'd
To kill, but to revive.

Exe.

The Heire.

Len. Neither my Lord lies in their power to doe.

Vir. Yes sweete to me

Whom your scorne kills, and pittie will revive.

Sen. Pittie is shew'd to men in milery.

Vir. And so am I, if not reliev'd by you.

Len. Twere pride in me, my Lord, to thinke it so.

Vir. I am your beauties captive.

Len. Then my Lord,

What greater guist then freedome can I give,

Tis that that Captives most desire, and that

You shall command, y'are free from me my Lord.

Vir. Your beauty contradicts that freedome Lady.

Pol. Come noble Count, I must for this time interrupt
you, youle find time enough within to talke.

Vir. Ile waite upon your Lordship.

exennt.

Manet Eugenio solus.

Euge. Thus in disguise I have discover'd all,
And found the cause of my reported death,
Which did at first amaze me, but tis well,
Tis to draw on the match betweene my sister
And this rich Count, heaven grant it be content
As well a fortune to her, but I feare
She cannot love his age, how it succedes
I shall perceive, and whil'st unknowne I stay,
I cannot hurt the project, helpe I may.

Enter Francisco, Sumner.

Franc. This will make good worke for you in the spi-
rituall Court, *Shallow* is a rich man.

Sum. Those are the men wee looke for, there's some-
what to be got, the Court has many busineses at this time,
but they are litle worth, a few Wayting-women got with
child by Servingmen or so, scarce worth citing.

Fra. Do not their Masters get um with child somtimes?

Sum. Yes no doubtr, but they have got a tricke to put
um off upon their men, and for a little portion save their
owne credites; besides these private marriages are much

The Heire.

out of our way, wee cannot know when there is a fault.

Fran. Wel, these are no starters I warrant you, *Shallow* shal not deny it, and for the Wench she need not confesse it, she has a mark that will betray her.

Sum. I thanke you sir for your good intelligence, I hope tis certaine.

Fran. Feare not that, is your citation ready?

Sum. I have it here.

Fran. Well step aside, and come vwhen I call, I heare um comming. *exit Sumner.*

Enter Franklin, Shallow, Luce, Parson.

Frank. Set forward there, *Francisco* what make you here?

Fran. I come to claime my right, Parson take heede, Thou art the Authour of adultery
If thou conjoyne this couple, she's my wife.

Frank. Your's sauce-boxe?

Shal. Father, I thought shee had beene mine, I hope I shall not loose her thus.

Frank. *Francisco*, dare not to interrupt us, for I sweare. Thou shalt indure the Lawes extremity
For thy presumption.

Fran. Doe your worst, I feare not, I was contracted to her.

Frank. What witnesse have you?

Fran. Heaven is my witnesse, whose impartiall eye Saw our contract.

Sha. What an Ass is this to talke of contracting, he that will get a wench, must make her bigger as I have done, and not contract.

Fran. Sir you are abus'd. *Shal.* Why so?

Fran. The wife you goe to marry is with child, and by another.

Shal. A good jest i' faith, make me beleeve that.

Fran. How comes this foole posselt?
He never touch'd her I dare sweare.

Frank. No more *Francisco* as you will answer it,
Parson set forward there. *Fran.* Stay,

The Heire

If this will not suffice, *Sumner* come forth.

Frank. A *Sumner*, we are all betraid. Enter *Sumner*.

Sum. God save you all, I think you guesse my businesse,
These are to cite to the spirituall Court
You master *Shallow*, and you mistresse *Luce*,
Aske not the cause, for tis apparant here,
A carnall copulation, *ante matrimonium*.

Frank. This was a barre unlook'd for, spitefull *Francisco*.

Franc. Injurious *Franklin*, could the lawes divine,
Or humane suffer such an impious act,
That thou shouldst take my true and lawfull wife,
And great with child by me, to give to another,
Gu'ling his poore simplicity.

Shal. Doe you meane me sir?

Sum. Gallants farewell, my writ shall be obeyd.

Frank. *Sumner* it shall. exit *Sumner*.

Pa. Ile take my leave, ther's nothing now for me to doe

Frank. Farewell good master *Parson*. exit *Parson*

Frank. *Francisco* canst thou say thou ever lovedst my
daughter, and wouldst thou thus disgrace her openly?

Franc. No, I would winne her thus,
And did you hold her credite halfe so deare
As I, or her content, you would not thus
Take her from me, and thrust her against her will
On this rich foole.

Shal. You are very bold with me sir.

Franc. Let me have newes what happens dearest *Luce*.

Lu. Else let me dic. exit *Francisco*.

Frank. This was your doing *Luce*, it had beene unpos-
sible he should ere have known the time so truely else, but
Ile take an order next time for your blabbing.

Shal. What's the matter father.

Fran. We may thank you for it, this was your hast that
will now shame us all, you must be doing afore your time.

Shal. Twas but a trick of youth father,

Fran. And therefore now you must cen stand in a white
sheete for all to gaze at.

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Fran. And therefore now you must cen stand in a white
sheete for all to gaze at.

The Heire.

Sha. How? I would be loth to weare a surplesse now,
tis a disgrace the house of the *Shallowes* never knew.

Fran. All the hope is, officers may be brib'd, and so they
will, twere a hard world for us to live in else.

Sha. You say true father, if twere not for corruption,
every poore rascal might have justice as well as one of us,
and that were a shame. *exennt Sha. Lucce.*

Frank. This was a cunning stratagem well laid,
But yet *Francisco* th' hast not won the prize :
What should I doe, I must not let this cause
Proceed to tryall in the open Court,
For then my daughters oath will cast the child
Vpon *Francisco* : no, I have found a better,
I will before the next Court-day provide
Some needy Parson, one whose poverty
Shall make him feare no Canons, he shall marry
My daughter to rich *Shallow*, when tis done
Our gold shall make a silence in the Court. *exit.*

Enter Philockes, Psecas.

Pse. I must returne your answer to my Lady,
Ile tell her you will come. *Phi. Come,*

And such an Angel call, I should forget
All offices of nature, all that men
Wish in their second thoughts, ere such a duty.
Commend my service to her, and to you
My thanks for this kind Message. *exit Psecas.*

I never breath'd till now, never till now,
Did my life relish sweetnesse, break not heart,
Cracke not yee feeble Ministers of nature
Withinundation of such swelling joy,
Too great to beare without expression:
The Lady writes that she has knowne me long
By sight, and lov'd me, and she seemes to thanke
Her starres, she loves, and is belov'd againe,
She speakes my very thoughts, how strange it is
And happy when affections thus can meete;
She further writes at such an houre to day,

Her

The Heire.

Her fathers absence, and all household spies
Fitly remoov'd, shall give access to me
Vnmark'd to visite her, where she alone
Will entertaine discourse, and welcome me.
I hope tis truly meant, why should I feare?
But wisdom bids me feare: fie, fie, tis bale
To wrong a creature of that excellence,
With such suspicion, I should injure her,
I will as soone suspect an Angel false,
Treason nere lodg'd within so faire a brest,
No, if her hand betray me, I will runne
On any danger, tis alike to me
To die, or finde her false, for on her truth
Hangs my chiefe being, well Ile loose no time,
No not a minute, dearest love I come,
To meeete my sweetest wishes I will flie,
Heaven and my truth shield me from treachery. *exit.*

Actus tertius.

Enter Polimetas, Roscio, Eugenio, Psecas.

Pol. I Cannot credite it, nor thinke that she
Of all the noble youth in Sicilie,
Should make so strange a choice, that none but he,
None but the sonne of my vow'd enemy
Must be her mate, it strikes me to amaze,
Minion take heede, doe not belie your Mistresse,

Pse. Mercy forsake me if I doe my Lord,
You charg'd me to confesse the truth to you,
Which I have fully done, and presently
He bring you where conceal'd, you shall both see
Their privacy, and heare their conference.

Pol. Well I beleeeve thee wench, and will reward
Thy trust in this, goe get thee in againe,
And bring me word when *Philoclas* is come,

Sir

The Heire.

Sir youle be secret to our purpose ?

Engo. As your ovvne brest my Lord.

Pol. I shall rest thankfull to you :

This stranger must be soothd lest he marre all.

Ros. This vvas vvell found out my Lord, you now have meanes to take your enemye.

Pol. Which blest occasion I will so pursue
As childlesse *Euphues* shall for ever rue.

Rise in thy blackest looke direct *Nemesis*

Assistant to my purpose, helpe me glut

My thirsty soule with blood. This bold young man
To his rash love shall sacrifice his life.

Ros. What course doe you intend, to ruine him ?

Pol. VVhy kill him presently.

Ros. Oh no my Lord,

Youle rue that action, thinke not that the law
Will let such murder sleepe unpunished.

Pol. Should I then let him go, when I have caught him?

Ros. Yes sir, to catch him faster, and more safely.

Pol. How should that be ? speake man.

Ros. VVhy thus my Lord ;

You know the law speakes death to any man,
That steales an Heire vvithout her friends consent,
This must he doe, his love will prompt him to it.
For he can never hope by your consent
To marry her, and she tis like vvill give
Consent, for vvomens love is violent,
Then marke their passage, you shall easily finde
How to surprise them at your will my Lord.

Pol. Thou art my Oracle, deare *Roscio*,
Here's *Pfecas* come againe ; how now vvhat newes ?

Pfe. My Lord they both are comming, please you with-
You shall both heare and see what you desire. dravv,

Enter *Philocles* and *Leucothoe*.

Len. Y'are welcome Noble sir, and did my power
Answer my love, your visitation ,

Should

The Heire.

Should be more free, and your deserved welcome
Express in better fashion.

Phi. Best of Ladies,
It is so well, so excellently well,
Comming from your wish'd love, my barren thanks
Wants language for't, there lies in your faire looks
More entertainment then in all the pompe
That the vaine Persian ever taught the world,
Your presence is the welcome I expected,
That makes it perfect.

Len. Tis your noble thought
Makes good what's wanting here, but gentle friend,
For so I now dare call you.

Pol. Tis well Minion, you are bold enough I see
To chuse your friends without my leave.

Phi. Tis my ambition ever to be yours.

Len. Thinke me not light deare *Philocks*, so soone
To grant thee love, that others might have sought
With eagerest pursuit, and not obtain'd,
But I was yours by fate, and long have beene,
Before you woo'd, *Lencothoe* was wonne,
And yours without resistance.

Phi. Oh my starres,
Twas your kind influence, that whil'st I slept
In duldest ignorance, contriv'd for me
The way to crowne me with felicity.

Pol. You may be deceiv'd though,
You have no such great reason
To thank your starres if you knew all.

Phi. And know faire Mistresse you have met a love,
That time, nor fate, nor death can ever change,
A man that but in you can have no being.
Let this kisse seale my faith.

Len. And this mine.

Pol. Nay to't againe, your sweete meate shall have
sowre sauce.

Phi. But sweet, 'mongst all these roses ther's one thorne.

E

That

The Heire.

That prickes and galls me, our parents enmity
Will crosse our loves, I doe assure my selfe
Thy father never will give his consent.

Len. No so I thinke, he moves me still to *Virro*
That old craz'd Count, and with such vehemency
I dare scarce bide his presence If I deny him;
Therefore we must be speedy in our course,
And take without his leave what he denies.

Pol. I thanke you for that good daughter.

Ros. I told you sir 'twould come to this at last.

Phi. Oh thou hast spoke my wishes, and hast shew'd
Thy selfe in love as good as beautifull;
Then let's away dearest *Leucothoe*,
My fortunes are not poore, then feare no want,
This constant love of ours may prove so happy,
To reconcile our parents enmity.

Len. Heaven grant it may.

Pol. Never by this means yonger.

Len. But soft, now I thinke better on't, Ile not goe.

Phi. Why dearest, is thy love so quickly cold?

Len. No, but Ile not venture thee, thine is the danger,
Thou knowst tis death by law to steale an Heire.
And my deare brethers most untimely death
Hath lately made me one, what if thou shouldst be taken?

Phi. Oh feare not that, had I a thousand lives,
They were too small a venture for such prize;
I tell thee sweet, a face not halfe so faire
As thine, hath arm'd a hole nations in the field,
And brought a thousand ships to Tenedos,
To sacke lamented Troy, and should I feare
To venture one poore life, and such a life
As would be lost in not possessing thee:

Come, come, make that no scruple, when shall we goe?

Len. This present evening, for to morrow morning:
My father looks that I should give consent
To marry with the Count.

Phi. Best of all, would twere this present houre,

Ile

The Heire.

He goe prepare, but shall I call thee here?

Len. Oh no, weele meece,

Phi. Where dearest?

Len. East from the City by a Rivers side,
Not distant halfe a mile there stands a grove,
Where often riding by I have observ'd
A little Hermitage, there will I stay
If I be first, if you, doe you the like,
Let th'houre be ten, then shall I best escape.

Phi. Nere sweeter comfort came from Angels lips;
I know the place and will be ready there
Before the houre: He bring a friend with me
As true as mine owne heart, one *Clorimont*,
That may doe us good if danger happen.

Len. Use your pleasure.

Phi. Dearest farewell,
Hours will seeme yeares till we are met againe. *exunt*

Pol. Ah sirtah, this geere goes well, godamercy girle
for thy intelligence, why this is as much as a man could
desire, the time, place, and every thing; I warrant um they
passe no farther, well goe thou in and waite upon thy
Mistres, she's melancholly till she see her sweet-heart a-
gaine, but when shee does, shee shall not see him long,
Not a word of whats past among us for your life.

Pse. I warrant you my Lord.

Pol. He not so much as show an angry looke, or any to-
ken that I know of any of their proceedings, but *Roscio*,
wee must lay the place strongly, if they should scape us I
were prettily fool'd now after all this.

Ros. Why tis impossible my Lord, weele goe strong
enough, besides I thinke it fit wee tooke an Officer along
with us to countenance it the better.

Pol. Thou sayst well, goe get one, He goe my selfe a-
long with you too, I love to see sport though I am old,
youle goe along with us too sir?

En. I sir, you shall command my service when you
are ready.

The Heire.

Pol. Now *Euphues*, what I did but barely act
Thy bleeding heart shall feele, losse of a sonne,
If Law can have his course, as who can let it,
I know thou think'st mine dead, and in thy heart
Laugh'st at my falling house, but let them laugh
That winne the prize, things nere are knowne till ended.

exennt Pol. & Ros.

Eugenio solus.

Eng. Well, I like my sisters choice, shee hastaken a
man whose very lookes and carriage speake him worthie;
besides hee is noble, his fortunes sufficient, they both
love each other, what can my father more desire, that
hee gapes so after this old Count, that comes for the estate,
as tother upon my soule does not, but pure spotlesse love,
but now his plot is for revenge upon his old enemy: sic,
sic, tis bloodie and unchristian, my soule abhorres such
acts, this match may rather reconcile our houses, and I de-
sire where worth is to have friendship, as on my soule 'tis
there. Well *Philocles*, I hope to call thee brother. Some-
what he doe, he goe perswade Count *Virro* not to love
her, I know the way, and he but tell him truth, her bro-
ther lives, that will coole his love quickelie; but soft, here
comes the Count as fit as may bee.

Enter Virro.

Vir. She loves me not yet, but that's no matter, I shall
have her, her father saies I shall, and I dare take his word,
maides are quickly over-ru'd, ah ha, methinkes I am
growne younger then I was by twenty yeares, this for-
tune cast upon me, is better then *Medeas* charme, to make
an old man young againe, to have a Lords estate freelic be-
stowed, and with it such a beautie as would warme
Nestors bloud, and make old *Priam* lustie. Fortune I see
thou lovest mee novv, he build a Temple to thee shortly,
and

The Heire

and adore thee as the greatest Deitie. Now, what are you?

Eng. A poore scholler my Lord, one that am little be-
holding to fortune.

Vir. So are most of your profession, thou shouldest
take some more thriving occupation, to bee a Iudges
man, they are the bravest now adayes, or a Car-
dinalls Pander, that were a good profession and
gainefull.

Eng. But not lawfull my Lord.

Vir. Lawfull! That Cardinall may come to bee
Pope, and then hee could pardon thee and himselfe
too.

Eng. My Lord I was brought up a scholler, and I
thanke you for your counsell, my Lord I have some for
you, and therefore I came.

Vir. For me, what I prithee?

Eng. Tis weightie and concernes you neere.

Vir. Speake what is't?

Eng. My Lord, you are to marrie old *Polimetes*
daughter.

Vir. And Heire.

Eng. No Heire my Lord, her brother is alive.

Vir. How! thou art mad.

Eng. My Lord, vvhat I speake is true, and to my
knowvledge his father gives it out in policie to marrie
his daughter the better, to hooke in suitors, and specially
aim'd at you, thinking you rich and covetous, and now he
has caught you.

Vir. But dost thou mocke me?

Eng. Let me bee ever miserable if I speake not truth,
as sure as I am here *Eugenio* lives, I know it, and know him
where he is.

Vir. Where prithee?

Eng. Not a daies journey hence, where his father en-
joynd him to stay till your match, and sends word to him
of this plot: besides I over-heard the old Lord, and his

The Heire.

man *Roscio*, laughing at you for being caught thus.

Vir. Why, wer't thou at the house then?

Euge. Yes, but had scurvy entertainment, which I have thus reveng'd.

Vir. Beshrevv my heart I knowe not vvhat to thinke on't, 'tis like enough, this Lord was alwayes cunning beyond measure, and it amaz'd mee that hee should grow so extreame kinde to mee on the suddaine, to offer mee all this: besides this fellowve is so confident, and on no endes of coufenage that I can see; vvell, I vvould faine enjoye her, the VVeach is delicate, but I vvould have the estate too, and not be gull'd, what shall I doe? now braines if ever you will, helpe your Master.

Euge. It stings him.

Vir. Well, so fir, what may I call your name?

Euge. *Irus* my Lord.

Vir. Your name, as well as your attire, speaks you poore.

Euge. I am so.

Vir. And very poore.

Euge. Very poore.

Vir. Would you not gladly take a course to get monie and a great summe of money.

Euge. Yes gladly, if your Lordship would but shew me the way.

Vir. Harke ye.

Euge. Oh my Lord, Conscience.

Vir. Fic, never talke of conscience, and for Law thou art fice, for all men thinke him dead, and his father will be ashamed to follow it, having alreadie given him for dead, and then who can know it? Come be wise, five hundred crownes Ile give.

Euge. Well, tis povertie that does it, and not I, when shall I be paid?

Vir. When thou hast done it.

Euge. Well give me your hand for it my Lord.

Vir. Thou shalt.

Euge.

The Heire.

Engo. In writing, to be paid when I have poisoned him,
and thinke it done.

Vir. Now thou speak'st like thy selfe, come in, Ile give
it thee.

Engo. And this shall stop thy mouth for ever Count.

Leu other sola.

Leu. There is no creature here, I am the first,
Me thinkes this sad and solitarie place
Should strike a terrour to such hearts as mine ;
But love has made me bold, the time has beene,
In such a place as this I should have fear'd
Each rowling leafe, and trembled at a reede
Stirr'd in the Moonshine, my fearefull fancie
Would frame a thousand apparitions,
And worke some feare out of my verie shadow :
I wonder *Philocles* is tardie thus,
When last we parted, everie houre, he said,
Would seeme a yeare til we were met againe,
It should not seeme so by the hast he makes,
Ile sit and rest me, come I know he will.

Enter Philocles and Clerimont.

Phi. This *Clerimont*, this is the happie place
Where I shal meete the summe of all my joyes,
And bee possesst of such a Treasurie
As would enrich a Monarch.

Leu. This is his voice, my *Philocles*.

Phi. My life, my soule, what here before me,
Oh thou dost stil outgoe me, and dost make
All my endeavours poore in the requital
Of thy large favours, but I forget my selfe,
Sweet bid my friend here welcome, this is he
That I dare trust next mine owne heart with secrets.
But why art thou disguised thus?

Leu. I durst not venture else to make escape.

Phi. Even now me thinkes I stand as I would with
With all my wealth about me, such a love
And such a friend, what can be added more

The Heire.

To make a man live happie, thou darke grove,
That hast beene call'd the seate of melancholy,
And shelter for the discontented spirits:
Sure thou art wrong'd, thou seem'st to me a place
Of solace and content, a Paradise,
That givest me more then ever Court could doe,
Or richest Palace, blest be thy faire shades,
Let birds of musicke ever chant it here,
No croking Raven, or ill-boading Owle
Make here their balefull habitation
Frighting thy walkes, but maist thou be a grove
Where loves faire *Queene* may take delight to sport:
For under thee two faithfull lovers meete,
Why is my faire *Lencothoe* so sad?

Lew. I know no cause, but I would faine be gone.

Phi. Whither sweete?

Lew. Any whither from hence.

My thoughts divine of treason, whence I know not,
There is no creature knowes our meeting here
But one, and that's my maid, she has beene trustie
And will be still I hope, but yet I would
She did not know it, prithee let's away;
Any where else we are secure from danger.
Then let's remove, but prithee be not sad.
What noise is that?

Lew. Ay me. *Phi.* Oh feare not Love. *noise within.*

draw.

Enter *Polimetes, Roscio, Eugenio* and Officers.

Pol. Vpon um Officers, yonder they are.

Phi. Theeves, Villaines.

Pol. Thou art the Thiefe and the Villaine too,
Give me my daughter thou Ravisher.

Phi. First take my life.

Pol. Vpon um I say,
Knock um downe Officers if they resist. *fight.*

Lew. Oh they are lost, ah wicked, wicked *Psecas.* *they are taken.*

Pol. So keepe um fast, wee le have um faster shortly,
and for you Minion, Ile tie a clogge about your necke for
running

The Heire.

running away any more.

Len. Yet doe but heare me father.

Pol. Call me not father thou disobedient wretch,
Thou Run-away, thou art no child of mine,
My daughter nere wore Breeches.

Len. Oh sir, my mother would have done as much
For love of you, if need had so required,
Thinke not my mind transformed as my habite.

Pol. Officers away with um, peace strumpet,
You may discharge him, he's but an assistant.

Len. O stay and heare me yet, heare but a word
And that my last it may be, doe not spill
The life of him in whom my life subsists,
Kill not two lives in one, remember sir,
I was your daughter once, once you did love me,
And tell me then, what fault can be so great,
To make a father murderer of his child,
For so you are in taking of his life.
Oh thinke not sir that I will stay behind him,
Whil't there be Aspes, and knives, and burning coles,
No Romane dame shall in her great example
Outgoe my love.

Phi. Oh where will sorrow stay,
Is there no end in griefe, or in my death
Not punishment enough for my offence,
But must her griefe be added to afflict me?
Drie up those pearles dearest *Lencothoe*,
Or thou wilt make me doubly miserable,
Preserve that life, that I may after death
Live in my better part, take comfort deare,
People would curse mee if such beantie should
For me miscarry, no, live happy thou,
And let me suffer what the law inflicts.

Len. My offence was as great as thine,
And why should not my punishment?

Pol. Come have you done? Officers away with him.

exit Philoctes.

The Heire.

He be your keeper, but He looke better to you:
But *Rosio* you and I must about the businesse:
Sir let it be your charge to watch my daughter,
And see she send no message any whither,
Nor receive any.

exennt.

Manens Eugenio, & Lencorhas.

Euge. It shall my Lord. He bee an *Argus*, none shall come here I warrant you. My very heart bleedes to see two such lovers so faithfull parted so. I must condemne my father, hee's too cruell in this action, and did not nature forbid it, I could raile at him, to wreake his long fostered malice against Lord *Euphuus* thus upon his sonne, the faithfull lover of his owne daughter, and upon her, for should it come to passe as hee expects it shall, I thinke it would kill her too, she takes it so: See in what strange amazement now she stands, her grieve has spent it selfe so farre that it has left her senselesse, it grieves mee thus to see her, I can scarce forbear revealing of my selfe to her, but that I keepe it for a better occasion when things shall better answer to my purpose: Lady.

Len. What are you?

Eu. One that my Lord your father has appointed to give attendance on you.

Len. On me! alas I need no attendance.
He might bestow his care better for me.

Eu. I came but lately to him, nor doe I meane Long to stay with him, in the meane time Lady Might I but doe you any service.

Len. All service is too late, my hopes are desperate.

Eu. Madam, I have a feeling of your woe,
A greater your owne brother could not have,
And thinke not that I come suborn'd by any
To undermine your secrets, I am true,
By all the Gods I am, for further triall
Command me any thing, send me on any message
He doe it faithfully, or any thing else
That my poore power can compasse.

Len.

The Heire.

Len. Oh strange fate!
Have I lost pittie in a fathers heart,
And shall I finde it in a stranger? sir
I shall not live to thanke you, but my prayers
Shall goe with you.

Eng. Tis not for thanks or meede
But for the service that I owe to vertue
I would doe this,

Len. Surely this man
Is nobly bred, how ere his habite give him
But sir, all phisicke comes to me too late,
There is no hope my *Philocles* should live.

En. Vnlesse the King were pleas'd to grant his pardon,
'Twere good that he were moov'd.

Len. Ah who should doe it?
I feare me tis in vaine, Count *Pirro*
And my father both will crosse it, but I would venture
If I could get but thither.

En. That's in my power
To give you liberty, your father left
Me to be your keeper, but in an act
So meritorious as this I will not hinder you,
Nay I will waite upon you to the Court.

Len. A thousand thanks to you, well Ile goe,
Grant oh you Powers above, if Virgines teares,
If a true lovers prayers had ever power
To move compassion, grant it now to me,
Arme with so strong a vigour my weake words,
They may pierce deepe into his kingly brest,
And force out mercy in spite of all opposers.

En. Come let's away.

exunt.

The Heire.

Actus quartus

Enter *Francisco* reading a Letter.

Fran. **M**Y dearest *Luce*, were thy old Sire as just
As thou art truly constant, our firme love
Had never met these oppositions,
All my designes as yet, all practises
That I have us'd, I see are frustrated,
For as my faire intelligencer writes
He will before the next Court day provide
Some carelesse Parson, that in spite of lawes
Shall marry her to *Shallow*; this being done,
He meanes to hold the Courts severity
In by a golden bit, and so he may,
Alas it is too true, I must prevent it,
And that in time, before it grow too farre;
But how? there lies the point of difficulcie:
But what strange sight is this that greetes mine eyes?
Alphonso my old Captaine, sure tis he.

Enter *Alphonso*.

Al. Thus once againe from twentie yeares exile,
Toft by the stormes of fortune too and fro,
Has gracious heaven given me leave to tread
My native earth of Sicilie, and draw
That aire that fed me in my infancie.

Fran. Tis he, most noble Captaine, oh what power
Has beene so gracious, as to blesse mine eyes
Once more with sight of my most honoured Master.

Al. Kind youth, the teares of joy that I have spent
To greet my native countrey have quite robb'd
Mine eyes of moisture, and have left me none
To answer thy affection: but tell mee,
Tell me how thou hast liv'd in Syracuse
These five yeares here, since that unluckie storme
Divided us at sea.

Fran.

The Heire.

Fran. Faith poorly fir,
As one that knowes no kindred nor alliance,
Vnknowne of any have I shifted out,
But I have heard you say that I was borne
In Syracuse, tell me what stocke I come of,
What parentage, how meane so ere they be,
They cannot well be poorer then my selfe:
Speake, doe you know them fir?

Al. Yes very well,
And I am glad the fates have brought me home,
For thy deare sake, that I may now disclose
Thy honourable birth. *Fran.* Honourable?

Al. Yes noble youth thou art the second sonne
To old Lord *Euphues*, a man more worthy
And truly noble never drew this aire;
Thy name's *Lysandro*, this discoverie
Will be as welcome to your friends as you.

Fran. You doe amaze me fir.

Al. Ile tell you all,
It was my fortune twentie yeare agoe,
Vpon the Tyrrhene shore, whose sea divides
This Ile from Italy, to keepe a fort
Vnder your noble father, where your selfe
Then but a child, was left to my tuition,
When suddainelic the rude assailing force
Of strong Italian Pyrates so prevail'd,
As to surprisall of the fort and us.
Your name and noble birth I then conceal'd
Fearing some outrage from the enmitie
Of those fell Pyrates, and since from your selfe
I purposely have kept the knowledge of it,
As loth to grieve your present miserie
With knowledge of what fortunes you had lost,
That this is true, you straight shall see the effect,
Ile goe acquaint your father with the tokens,
And make his orejoy'd heart leape to embrace
Thee his new found and long forgotten sonne.

The Heire.

Fran. Worthy Captaine, your presence was alwaies
Welcome to me, but this unlook'd for newes,
I cannot suddenlie digest.

Al. Well Ile goe to him presently. *exit Alphon.*

Fran. Now my deare *Luce*, I shall find means to quite
Thy love, that couldst descend so low as I
When I was nothing, and with such affection.
This was my suit still to the Powers above
To make me worthie of thy constant love,
But Ile about the project I intended. *exit Francisco.*

Enter Virro and Polimetes.

Pol. VVhy now my Lord you are neerer to her love
then ever you were yet, 'your rivall by this accident shall
be remov'd out of the way, for before the scornfull girle
would never fancie any man else.

Vir. I conceive you sir.

Pol. I labour'd it for your sake as much as for my own,
to remove your rivall and my enemye, you have your love,
and I have my revenge.

Vir. I shall live my Lord to give you thanks, *aside*
but 'twill be after a strange manner, if *Irru* has dispatch'd
what hee was hired to, then my kind Lord I shall be a lit-
tle too cunning for you.

Pol. My Lord you are gracious with the King.

Vir. I thanke his Majestie, I have his eare before an-
other man.

Pol. Then see no pardon bee granted, you may stop any
thing; I know *Enphues* will be solliciting for his sonne.

Vir. I warrant you my Lord no pardon passes whil'ft I
am there, Ile bee a barre betwixt him and the King, but
hearken the King approches.

Enter King with attendants.

Ambo. Health to your Majestie.

King. Count *Virro*, and Lord *Polimetes* welcome,
You have beene strangers at the Court of late;
But I can well excuse you Count, you are about a wife,
A young one and a faire one too they say,

Get

The Heire

Get me young souldiers Count, but speake
When is the day ? I meane to be your guest,
You shall not steale a marriage.

Vir. I thanke your Majestie, but the marriage that I intended is stolen to my hand, and by another.

King. Stolen, how man ? *Vir.* My promised wife
Is lately stolne away by *Philocles*,
Lord *Euphues* sonne, against her fathers will,
Who followed um and apprehended them,
The Law may right us sir, if it may have course.

King. No reason but the Law should have his course.

Enter *Euphues*.

Eup. Pardon dread Sovereigne, pardon for my sonne.

King. Your sonne, Lord *Euphues*, what is his offence ?

Eup. No hainous one my Liege, no plot of treason
Against your royall person or your state,
These aged cheekes would blush to beg a pardon
For such a foule offence, no crying murder
Hath stain'd his innocent hands, his fault was love,
Love my deare Liege, unfortunately he tooke
The daughter and Heire of Lord *Polimetes*,
Who followes him, and seekes extremitie.

Pol. I seeke but law, I am abus'd my Liege,
Justice is all I beg, my daughter's stolne,
Staffe of my age, let the law doe me right.

Vir. To his just prayers do I bend my knee,
My promis'd wife is stolne, and by the sonne
Of that injurious Lord, justice I crave.

Eup. Be like those Powers above, whose place on earth
You represent, shew mercie gracious King,
For they are mercifull.

Pol. Mercie is but the Kings prerogative,
Tis justice is his office, doing that
He can wrong no man, no man can complaine,
But mercie shew'd oft takes away reliefe
From the wrong'd partie, that the law would give him.

Eup. The law is blind, and speakes in generall termes,

Shee

The Heire.

She cannot pittie where occasion serves,
The living law can moderate her rigour,
And that's the King.

Pol. The king I hope in this will not doe so.

Eup. Tis malice makes thee speake,
Hard hearted Lord, hadst thou no other way
To wreake thy cankred and long fostred hate
Vpon my head but thus, thus blondilie
By my sonnes suffering, and for such a fault
As thou shouldst love him rather, is thy daughter
Disparag'd by his love, is his blond base,
Or are his fortunes funke? this law was made
For such like cautions, to restrain the base
From wronging noble persons by attempts
Of such a kind, but where equalitie
Meetes in the match, the fault is pardonable.

Enter *Lencothoe*.

Len. Mercie my Soveraigne, mercie gracious King.

Pol. Minion who sent for you, twere more modestie
For you to be at home.

King. Let her alone, speake Ladie,
I charge you no man interrupt her.

Len. If ever pittie touch'd that princely brest,
If ever Virgines teares had power to move,
Or if you ever lov'd, and felt the pangs
That other Lovers doe, pittie great King,
Pittie, and pardon two unhappie Lovers.

King. Your life is not in question.

Len. Yes royall sir,
If Law condemne my *Philocles*, he and I
Have but one heart, and can have but one fate.

Eup. Excellent vertue, thou hadst not this from thy father.

King. There's musicke in her voice, and in her face
More then a mortall beantie: Oh my heart!
I shall be lost in passion if I heare her,
Ile heare no more, convey her from my presence,
Quickly I say.

Eng. This is strange.

Ex.

The Heire.

Vir. I told you what he would doe, I knew
He would not heare of a pardon, and I against it,
He respects me.

Pol. No doubt he does my Lord,
I like this passage well.

King. But stay,
Stay Ladie, let me heare you, beshrew my heart
My minde was running of another matter.

Vir. Where the devill hath his minde beene all this
while, perhaps hee heard none of us neither, we may cene
tell our tales againe.

Pol. No sure he heard us, but tis very strange.

King. Tis such a tempting peison I draw in,
I cannot stay my draught, rise up Ladie.

Len. Never untill your graces pardon raise me;
There's pittie in your eye, oh shew it fir,
Say pardon gracious King, tis but a word
And short, but welcome as the breath of life.

King. Ile further heare the manner of this fact,
Avoide the presence all but the Ladie,
And come not till I send.

Pol. I like not this.

Vir. Nor I, here is mad dancing.

Emp. Heaven bleffe thy sute, thou mirrour of thy sex,
And best example of true constant love,
That in the sea of thy transcendent vertues
Drown'st all thy fathers malice, and redempt
More in my thoughts then all thy kin can lose.

King. Now Ladie, what would you doe to save the life
Of him you love so dearelie?

Len. I cannot thinke that thought I would nor doe,
Lay it in my power, and beyond my power
I would attempt.

King. You would be thankfull then to me,
If I should grant his pardon.

Len. If ever I were thankfull to the Gods
For all that I call mine, my health and being,

The Heire.

Could I to you be unthankful for a gift
I value more then those, and without which
These blessings were but wearisome.

King. Those that are thankfull studie to requite a cur-
tesie, would you doe so? would you requite this favour?

Len. I cannot sir,
For all the service I can doe your Grace
Is but my dutie, you are my Sovereigne,
And all my deedes to you are debts not merites.
But to those powers above that can requite,
That from their wastlesse treasures heape rewards
More out of grace then merits on us mortalls,
To those Ile ever pray that they would give you
More blessings then I have skill to aske.

King. Nay but *Leucothoe*, this lies in thy power to re-
quite, thy love will make requitall, wilt thou love me?

Len. I ever did my Lord.
I was instructed from my infancie,
To love and honour you my Sovereigne.

King. But in a neerer bond of love.

Len. There is no neerer nor no truer love
Then that a loyall subject beares a Prince.

King. Still thou wilt not conceive mee, I must deale
plaine with you, wilt thou lie with me, and I will seale his
pardon presentlie; nay more, Ile heape upon you both all
favours, all honours that a Prince can give.

Len. Oh mee unhappie!
In what a sad dilemma stands my choice,
Nither to lose the man my soule most loves,
Or save him by a deed of such dishonour
As he will ever loath me for, and hate
To draw that breath that was so baselie kept.
Name anie thing but that to save his life,
I know you doe but tempt my frailtie sir,
I know your royal thoughts could never stoop
To such a foule dishonourable act.

King. Bethinke thy selfe, there is no way but that,
I sweare.

The Heire.

I sweare by heaven never to pardon him
But upon those conditions.

Leu. Oh I am miserable.

King. Thou art not if not wilfull, yield *Leucothoe*,
It shall be secret, *Philocles* for his life
Shall thanke thy love, but never know the price
Thou paidst for it; be wise thou heardst me sweare,
I cannot now shew mercie, thou maist saue him,
And if he die, tis thou that art the Tyrant.

Leu. I should be so if I should save him thus,
Nay I should be a Traytor to your Grace,
Betray your soule to such a foe as lust,
But since your oath is past, deare *Philocles*
Ile shew to thee an honest crueltie,
And rather follow thee in spotlesse death,
Then buy with sinning a dishonour'd life.

King. Yet pittie me *Leucothoe*, cure the wound
Thine eyes have made, pittie a begging King.
Vncharme the charmes of thy bewitching face
Or thou wilt leave me dead: will nothing move thee,
Thou art a witch, a Traytor, thou hast sought
By unresisted spells thy Soveraignes life:
Who are about us, call in the Lords againe,
Lord *Polimenes*, take your daughter to you,
Keepe her at home.

Pol. I will my Liege, *Rosio* see her there, I wonder
what is done.

King. *Euphues* I have tane a solemne oath
Never to grant a pardon to thy sonne.

Exp. Oh say not so my Leige, your Grace I know
Has mercy for a greater fault then this.

King. My oath is past and cannot be recall'd.

Pol. This is beyond our wishes.

Vir. What made him sweare this I wonder?

Exp. A heavie oath to me, and most unlook'd for.
Your justice sir has set a period
Vnto a loyall house, a familie

The Heine.

That have beene props of the Sicilian crowne,
That with their bloods in many an honoured field,
Gainst the hot French, and Neapolitan
Have serv'd for you and your great Ancestors.
Their children now can never more doe so,
Farewell my soveraigne, whilst I in teares
Spend the sad remnant of my childlesse age,
Ile pray for your long life, and happie raigne,
And may your Grace and your posteritie
At neede finde hands as good, and hearts as true
As ours have ever beene.

King. Farewell good old man.

Emp. For you my Lord, your crueltie has deserv'd
A curse from me, but I can utter none,
Your daughters goodnesse has weigh'd down your malice,
Heaven prosper her.

Pol. Amen.

King. He is an honest man, and truelie noble,
Oh my rash oath, my lust that was the cause,
Would anie price would buie it in againe.

Vir. Your Majestie is just.

Pol. Tis a happie land

Where the King squares his actions by the law.

King. Away, you are base and bloodie,
That feed your malice with pretence of justice,
Tis such as you make Princes tyrannous,
And hated of their subjects, but looke to't,
Looke your owne heads stand fast, for if the law
Doe find a hole in your coates, beg no mercie.

Vir. Pardon us my Lord, we were wrong'd.

Pol. And sought redresse but by a lawfull course.

King. Well leave me alone.

Vir. Farewell my Liege, now let him chafe alone.

Pol. Now we have our ends.

exit.

King. Is there no meanes to save him, no way,
To get a dispensation for an oath,
None that I know, except the Court of Rome
Will grant one, that's well thought on,

I will.

The Heire

I will not spare for gold, and that will doe it,
Nicanor. *Nica.* Sir.

King. What booke is that
Thou hadst from Paris about the price of sinnes?

Nic. Tis called the Taxes of the Apostolicall Chancery.

King. Is there a price for any sinne set downe?

Nic. Any sir, how hainous ere it be,
Or of what nature, for such a summe of money
As is set downe there, it shall be remitted.

King. That's well, goe fetch the book presentlie.

Nic. I will my Lord. *exit Nicanor*

King. Sure there is perjurie
Among the rest, and I shall know what rate
It beares before I have committed it.

How now, hast brought it? *Nic.* Yes sir.

King. Reade, I would know the price of perjurie.

Nic. I shall find it quickelie, here's an Index. *he reads*
Impr. For murder of all kindes, of a Clergie-man, of a Lay-
man, of father, mother, sonne, brother, sister, wife.

King. Reade till you come at perjurie.

Nic. *Item,* for impoysoning, enchantments, witchcraft,
sacriledge, simonie, and their kind and branches.

Item, *pro lapsu carnis,* fornication, adulterie, Incest with-
out anie exception, or distinction; for sodomic, brutalitie,
or anie of that kind.

King. My heart shakes with horroure
To heare the names of such detested sinnes,
Can these be bought for any price of monie,
Or doe these merchants but deceive the world
With their false wares? no more of that foule booke,
I will not now know what I came to know,
I would not for the world redeeme my oath
By such a course as this, no more *Nicanor.*

Vnlesse thou finde a price for Atheisme.

Well this is not the way to helpe I see,
I have thought of another that may prove:
And both discharge my oath, and save his life.

The Heire.

Nicanor runne presentlie, call *Matho* hither,
Matho the Lawyer, command him to make hast,
I long to be resolv'd.

Nic. I runne sir.

King. He is a subtle Lawyer and may find
Some point, that in the Lawes obscuritie
Lies hid from us, some point may doe us good,
I have seene some of his profession
Out of a case as plaine, as cleare as day
To our weake judgements, and no doubt at first
Meant like our thoughts by those that made the Law,
Picke out such hard inextricable doubts,
That they have spun a sute of seven yeares long,
And lead their hoodwinke Clients in a wood,
A most irremeable Labyrinth,
Till they have quite consum'd um, this they can doe
In other cases, why not as well in this.
I have seene others could extend the Law
Vpon the wracke, or cut it short againe
To their owne private profits, as that thiefe
Cruell *Procrustes* serv'd his haplesse guests,
To fit them to his bed; Well I shall see,
I would *Nicanor* were return'd againe,
I would faine ease my conscience of that oath,
That rash and inconsiderate oath I tooke,
But see, here they are comming.

Enter *Matho*.

Ma. Health to my soveraigne

King. *Matho*, welcome.

I sent for thee about a businesse

I would entreate thy helpe in.

Ma. Your Highnesse may command my service in that,
or any thing lies in my power.

King. Tis to decide a case that troubles me.

Ma. If it lie within the compasse of my knowledge, I
will resolve your Highnesse presentlie.

King. Then thus it is, Lord *Enphues* sonne,

Young

The Heire.

Young *Philocles*, has latelie stolne away
The daughter and Heire of Lord *Polimetes*,
Who is his enemy, he following him hard
Has apprehended him, and brings him to his triall
To morrow morning: thou hast heard this newes.

Ma. I have my Liege, with every circumstance
That can be thought on in the businesse.

King. And what will be the issue of the Law?

Ma. He must die for't, the case is plaine, unlesse
Your Grace will grant his pardon.

King. But can there bee no meanes thought upon to
save him by the law?

Ma. None my Lord.

King. Surely there may, speake man, Ile give thee
double fees.

Ma. It cannot be my Liege, the statute is plaine.

King. Nay now thou art too honest, thou shouldst doe
As other Lawyers doe, first take my money,
And then tell me thou canst doe me no good.

Ma. I dare not undertake it, could it be done,
I doe goe as farre as anie man would doe.

King. Yes, if twere to cut a poore mans throat you could,
For some rich griping Landlord you could grind
The face of his poore Tennant, stretch the law
To serve his turne, and guided by his Angels,
Speake Oracles more then the tongues of men,
Then you could find exceptions, reservations,
Stand at a word, a syllable, a letter,
Or coine some scruples out of your owne braines,
But in a case so full of equitie,
So charitable as this, you can find nothing,
I shall for ever hate all your profession.

Ma. I doe beseech your Highnesse to excuse me,
I cannot doe more then your lawes will let me,
Nor falsifie my knowledge, nor my conscience.

King. Then I am miserable, rise *Masbo* rise,

I doe :

The Heire.

I doe not discommend thy honestie,
But blame my owne hard fate, ah *Philotes*
I would redeeme thy life at anie price,
But the stars crosse it, cruell fate condemnes thee. *Ex.*

Enter Constable and Watch.

Con. Come fellow watchmen, for now you are my fellowes.

Watch. It pleases you to call us so master Constable.

Con. I doe it to encourage you in your office, it is a trick that we Commanders have, your great Captaines call your souldiers fellow-souldiers to encourage them.

2 Watch. Indeed and so they doe, I heard master Curate reading a storie booke tother day to that purpose.

Con. Well I must shew now what you have to doe, for I my selfe before I came to this preferment, was as simple as one of you, and for your better destruction, I will deride my speech into two parts. First, what is a watchman. Secondlie, what is the office of a watchman. For the first, if any man aske mee what is a watchman, I may answer him, he is a man as others are, nay a tradesman, as a Vintner, a Tayler, or the like, for they have long bills.

3 Wat. He tells us true neighbour, we have bills indeed.

Con. For the second, what is his office; I answer, hee may by vertue of his office reprehend anie person, or persons that walke the streetes too late at a seasonable houre.

4 Wat. May wee indeed master Constable?

Con. Nay, if you meet any of those rogues at seasonable houres, you may by vertue of your office commit him to prison, and then aske him whither he was going.

1 Wat. Why thats as much as my Lord Major does.

Con. True, my Lord Major can doe no more then you in that point.

2 Wa. But master Constable, what if he should resist us?

Con. Why if he doe resist, you may knock him downe, and then bid him stand, and come before the Constable. So now I thinke you are sufficientlie instructed concerning your office, take your stands, you shall heare rogues walking

The Heire.

king at these seasonable houres, I warrant you, stand close.

Enter *Eugenio*.

Eu. Now doe I take as much care to be apprehended, as others doe to scape the watch, I must speake to be overheard, and plainelie too, or else these dolts will never conceive mee.

Con. Hearke, who goes by?

Eu. Oh my conscience, my conscience, the terrour of a guiltie conscience.

Con. How, conscience talkes he of, he's an honest man I warrant him, let him passe.

2 Wa. I, I, let him passe, good night honest Gentleman.

Eu. These are wise officers, I must be plainer yet. That Gold, that cursed Gold, that made mee poison him, made me poison *Eugenio*.

Con. How, made me poison him, he's a knave I warrant

3 Wa. M. Constable has found him already. (him.

Con. I warrant you a knave cannot passe mee, gos reprehend him, Ile take his excommunication my selfe.

1 Wa. Come afore the Constable.

2 Wa. Come afore the Constable,

Con. Sirrah, sirrah, you would have scap'd? would you, no sirrah you shall know the Kings Officers have eyes to heare such rogues as you, come sirrah confesse who it was you poison'd, he lookes like a notable rogue.

1 Wa. I doe not like his lookes.

2 Wa. Nor I.

Co. You would deny it, would you sirrah? we shall sift you.

Eu. Alas M. Constable I cannot now denie what I have said you overheard me, I poisoned *Enge.* son to L. Polimetes.

1 Wa. Oh rascall.

2 Wa. My young Landlord.

Con. Let him alone, the law shall punish him, but sirrah where did you poison him?

Eu. About a daies journey hence, as hee was comming home from Athens I met him, and poisoned him.

Con. But sirrah, who set you a worke? confesse, I shall find out the whole nest of these rogues, speake.

Eu. Count *Virro* hired me to doe it.

H

Con.

The Heire.

Con. Oh lying rascal.

1 *Wa.* Nay he that will steale will lie.

2 *Wa.* Ile beleeeve nothing he sayes.

3 *Wa.* Belie a man of worship? 4 *Wa.* A noble man.

Con. Away vvith him, Ile heare no more, remit him to prison; sirrah, you shall heare of these things to morrow, where you would be loth to heare um, come lets go. *ex.*

Actus quintus.

Enter *Franklin, Shallow, Luce, Francisco*, in a *Parsons* habit,
and a true *Parson* othervvise attired.

Frank. Ile take your counsell sir, Ile not be seene in't, but
I meet you when tis done, youle marrie them?

Franc. Feare not that sir, Ile doe the deed.

Frank. I shal rest thankful to you, til then Ile leave you.

Sha. I pray father leave us, wee know how to behave
our selves alone, mee thinkes *Luce* wee are too many by
two yet.

Luce. You are merrie sir.

exunt.

Manet Franklin.

Frank. Now they are sure or never, poore *Francisco*
Thou meetst thy match, when thou durst undertake
To overreach me with tricks, where's now your *Summer*?
Fore heaven I cannot but applaud my braine,
To take my daughter even against her will,
And great with child by another, her shame publish'd,
She cited to the Court, and yet bestow her
On such a fortune as rich *Shallow* is.
Nay that which is the master-piece of all,
Make him beleeeve tis his, though he nere touch'd her,
If men nere met with crosses in the world,
There were no difference twixt the wise and fooles,
But Ile goe meete um, when tis done, I feare not.

exi.
Enter

The Heire.

Enter *Francisco, Parson, Shallow, Luce.*

Franc. Nay fret not now, you have been worse abus'd. If you had married her, she never lov'd you.

Luce. I ever scorn'd thy follie, and hated thee, though sometimes afore my father I would make an Ass of thee.

Shal. Oh women, monstrous women, little does her father know who has married her.

Luce. Yes, hee knowes the Parson married mee, and you can witness that.

Franc. And he shall know the Parson will lye with her.

Shal. Well Parson, I will bee reveng'd on all thy coate, I will not plough an Acre of ground for you to rythe, Ile rather pasture my neighbours cattel for nothing.

Par. Oh be more charitable sir, bid God give us joy.

Shal. I care not greatlie if I doe, hee is not the first Parson that has taken a Gentlemans leavings.

Franc. How meane you sir?

Sha. You guesse my meaning, I hope to have good luck to horte-flesh now shee is a Parsons wife.

Franc. You have laine with her then sir?

Sha. I cannot tell you that, but if you saw a woman with child without lying with a man, then perhaps I have not.

Luce. Impudent Coxcombe, darest thou say that ever thou layst with mee, didst thou ever so much as kisse my hand in private?

Sha. These things must not be spoken of in companie.

Luce. Thou know'lt I ever hated thee.

Shal. But when you were i'th good humour you would tell me another tale.

Luce. The foole is mad, by heaven my *Francisco* I am wrong'd.

He discovers himselfe.

Franc. Then I must change my note, sirrah unsay what you have spoken, sweare here before the Parson and my selfe you never touch'd her, or Ile cut thy throat, it is *Francisco* threatens thee.

Shal. I am in a sweet case, what should I doe now? her father thinkes I have laine with her, if I deny it heele have

The Heire.

a bout with me, if I say I have, this young rogue will cut my throate.

Franc. Come will you sweare?

Sha. I would I were fairely off, I would lose my wench with all my heart, I sweare.

Franc. So, now thou art free from any imputation that his tongue can sticke upon thee. Enter *Franklin*,

Frank. Well now I see tis done.

Shal. Here's one shall talke with you.

Frank. God give you joy sonne *Shallow*.

Franc. I thanke you father.

Frank. How's this, *Francisco* in the Parsons habite?

Franc. I have married her as you bad mee sir, but this was the truer Parson of the two, he tied the knor, and this Gentleman is our witnesse.

Frank. I am undone, strumpet thou hast betrayed thy selfe to beggerie, to shame besides, and that in open Court, but take what thou hast sought, hang, beg, and starve, Ile never pittie thee. *Luce.* Good sir.

Shal. I told you what would come on't.

Frank. How did your wisdom lose her?

Shal. Eene as you see, I was beguil'd, and so were you.

Frank. *Francisco* take her, thou seest the portion thou art like to have.

Franc. Tis such a portion as will ever please me, but for her sake be not unnaturall.

Luce. Doe not reject me father.

Franc. But for the fault, that shee must answer for, or shame shee should endure in Court, behold her yet an untouched Virgin, Cushion come forth, here signior *Shallow*, rake your child unto you, make much of it, it may prove as wise as the father. *He flings the Cushion at him.*

Frank. This is more strange then tother, ah *Luce* wert thou so subtle to deceive thy selfe, and me; well take thy fortune, tis thine owne choice.

Franc. Sir we can force no bountie from you, and therefore must rest content with what your pleasure is.

Enter

The Heire.

Enter *Euphues*, *Alphonso*.

Al. Yonder he is my Lord, that's he in the Parsons habite, he is thus disguis'd about the businesse I told you of, *Lysandro*, see your noble father.

Eu. Welcome my long lost sonne from all the stormes Of trovning fortune that thou hast endur'd, Into thy fathers armes.

Luce. Is my *Francisco* noble?

Frank. Lord *Euphues* sonne! I am amaz'd.

Eup. I heare *Lysandro* that you are married.

Franc. Yes my Lord, this is my Bride, the daughter and heire of this rich gentleman, twas only shee that when my state was nothing, my poore selfe and parentage unknown vouchsafed to know, nay grace mee vvith her love, her constant love.

Eup. Such merite must not be forgot my sonne, Daughter much joy attend upon your choice.

Franc. Now vvants but your consent.

Franc. Which with a willing heart I do bestow, Pardon me vvorthie sonne, I have so long Beene hard to you, tvvas ignorance Of vvhat you vv ere, and care I tooke for her.

Franc. Your care needes no Apologie.

Eup. But now *Lysandro* I must make thee sad Vpon thy vv edding day, and let thee know There is no pure and uncompounded joy Lent to mortality in depth of vvoe Thou meetst the knowvledge of thy parentage, Thy elder brother *Philocles* must die, And in his tragedie our name and house Had sunk for ever, had not gracious heaven Sent as a comfort to my childlesse age Thy long lost selfe supporter of the name.

Franc. But can there be no meanes to save his life?

Eup. Alas there's none, the King has tane an oath Never to pardon him, but since they say His Majestic repents, and faine vvould save him.

The Heire.

Franc. Then am I wretched, like a man long blinde,
That comes at last to see the wist-for Sun,
But findes it in eclipse, such is my case,
To meet in this darke vvoe, my dearest friends.

Eup. Had you not heard this nevves before *Lysandro*?

Franc. Yes sir, and did lament,
As for a vvorthe stranger, but nere knevv
My sorrovv stood ingag'd by such a tye
As brotherhood, vvhere may vve see him sir?

Eup. This morning hee's arraign'd, put off that habite
you are in, and goe along with me, leave your friends here
awhile.

Franc. Farewell father
Deare *Luce* till soone farevvell, nought but so sad
A chance could make me clovdy now.

exunt.

Frank. Well *Luce* thy choice has proov'd better then
vvee expected, but this cloud of grieve has dimm'd our
mirth, but vvill I hope blovv over, heaven grant it may.
And signior *Shallow*, though you have miss'd vvhat my
love meant you once, pray be my guest.

Shal. I thanke you sir, Ile not be strange.

exunt

Enter *King, Nicanor.*

King. *Nicanor*, I would find some privy place
Where I might stand unseene, unknowne of any.
To heare th'arraignment of young *Philoctes*.

Ni. The Iudges are now entring, please you sir
Here to ascend, you may both heare and see.

King. Well Ile goe up,
And like a jealous husband heare and see
That that will strike me dead, am I a King
And cannot pardon such a small offence?
I cannot do't, nor am I *Caesar* now,
Lust has uncrown'd me, and my rash tane oath
Has restr me of a Kings prerogative,
Come, come *Nicanor* helpe me to ascend,
And see that fault that I want power to mend,

ascendant.

Enter

The Heire

Enter 3 *Judges, Virro, Polimetes, Euphues, Francisco,*
Leucorhoe, Clerimont, Restio.

1 *In.* Bring forth the Prisoner, where are the witnesses?

Pol. Here my Lords, I am the wrong'd party, and the fact my man here, besides the Officers that tooke them can justifie.

2 *In.* That's enough. Enter *Philocles* with a guard

1 *In.* *Philocles* stand to the Barre, and answer to such crimes as shall bee here objected against thy life.
Reade the Enditement.

Phi. Spare that labour,
I doe confesse the fact that I am charg'd with,
And speake as much as my accusers can,
As much as all the witnesses can prove,
Twas I that stole away the daughter and Heire
Of Lord *Polimetes*, which wer't to doe againe
Rather then lose her, I againe would venture,
This was the fact : your sentence honour'd fathers.

Cler. Tis brave and resolute.

1 *In.* A heavy sentence noble *Philocles*,
And such a one, as I could wish my selfe
Off from this place, some other might deliver,
You must dye for it, death is your sentence.

Phi. Which I embrace with willingnes, now my Lord
Is your hate glutted yet, or is my life (to *Polimetes.*
Too poore a sacrifice to appease the rancour
Of your inveterate malice, if it be to
Invent some scandall that may after blot
My reputation, father drie your teares,
Weepe not for me, my death shall leave no stain
Vpon your bloud, nor blot on your faire name :
The honour'd ashes of my Ancestours
May still rest quiet in their teare-wet Vrnes
For any fact of mine, I might have liv'd
If heaven had not prevented it, and found
Death for some foule dishonourable act.
Brother farewell, no sooner have I found

to *Francisco.*
But

The Heire.

But I must leave thy wish'd-for company.
Farewell my dearest love, live thou still happy,
And may some one of more desert then I,
Be blest in the enjoying what I lose,
I need not wish him happinesse that has thee,
For thou wilt bring it, may he prove as good
As thou art worthy.

Len. Dearest *Philocles*;

There is no roome for any man but thee
Within this brest, oh good my Lords
Be mercifull, condemne us both together
Our faults are both alike, why should the law
Be partiall thus, and lay it all on him.

1 In. Lady, I would we could as lawfully
Save him as you, he should not dye for this.

Enter Constable leading Eugenio.

How now, whose that you have brought there?

Con. A benefactor, and please your Lordships,
I reprehended him in my watch last night.

Vir. *Irus* is taken.

2 In. What's his offence? *Con.* Murder.

Wat. No M. Constable twas but poysoning of a man.

Con. Goe thou art a foole.

Vir. I am undone for ever, all will out.

3 In. What proofes have you against him?

Con. His owne profession if it please your honour.

3 In. And that's an ill profession to be a murderer, thou
mearest he has confest the fact.

Con. Yes my Lord, he cannot deny it.

1 In. Did hee not name the party who it was that hee
had poysoned?

Con. Marry with reverence be
it spoken, it was *Eugenio*, my Lord *Polimetes* his sonne.

Pol. How's this!

1 In. Hee dy'd long since at *Athens*

Pol. I cannot tell what I should thinke of it,
This is the man that lately brought me newes
My sonne was living.

2 In.

The Heire.

2 In. Fellow stand to the barre, thou hearst thy accusation, what canst thou say?

Euge. Ah my good Lord,
I cannot now deny what I have said,
This man oreheard me, as my bleeding heart
Was making a confession of my crime.

Co. I told him ant shall please your Lordships, the kings
Officers had eyes to heare such rascalls.

1 In. You have beene carefull in your office Constable,
You may now leave your prisoner.

Con. Ile leave the fellow with your Lordship.

1 In. Farewel good Con. Murder I see will out. *ex. Con.*
Why didst thou poison him?

Euge. I was poore, and want made me be hir'd.

2 In. Hir'd, by whom?

Euge. By Count *Virro*, there he stands.

Vir. I doe beseech your Lordships not to credite what
this base fellow speakes, I am innocent.

1 In. I doe beleve you are, sirrah speake truth,
You have not long to live.

Euge. Please it your Lordship I may relate the manner.

3 In. Doe.

Euge. *Eugenio* was alive, when first the newes
Was spread in *Syracuse* that he was dead,
Which false report Count *Virro* crediting,
Became an earnest suitor to his sister.
Thinking her Heire, but finding afterwards
Her brother liv'd, and comming home
Not a daies journey hence, he sent me to him,
And with a promise of five hundred crownes
Hir'd me to poison him, that this is true
Here's his owne hand to witnesse it against him;
Pleate it your Lordships to peruse the writing.

1 In. This is his hand.

2 In. Sure as I live, I have scene Warrants from him
with just these characters.

3 In. Besides me thinkes this fellowes tale is likely.

The Heire.

Pol. Tis too true,
This fellowes suddaine going from my house
Put me into a feare.

1 In. Count *Virro*, stand to the barre,
What can you say to cleare you of this murder?

Vir. Nothing my Lords, I must confesse the fact.

2 In. Why then against you both doe I pronounce
Sentence of death.

Amb. The law is just.

Pol. Wretch that I am, is my dissembled griefe
Turn'd to true sorrow? were my acted teares
But prophecies of my ensuing woe,
And is he truly dead? oh pardon me
Deare Ghost of my *Eugenio*, twas my fault
That call'd this hasty vengeance from the gods
And shortend thus thy life, for whil'st with trickes
I sought to fasten wealth upon our house,
I brought a Canniball to be the grave
Of me and mine, base, bloody, murderous Count.

Vir. Vile Cousner, cheating Lord, dissembler.

1 In. Peace, stop the mouth of malediction there,
This is no place to raile in.

En. Ye just powers,
That to the quality of mans offence
Shape your correcting rods, and punish there
Where he has sinn'd, did not my bleeding heart
Beare such a heavy share in this daies woe,
I could with a free soule applaud your justice.

Pol. Lord *Euphues* and *Philoctas* forgive me,
To make amends, I know's impossible,
For what my malice wrought; but I would faine
Doe somewhat that might testifie my griefe
And true repentance.

Euge. This is that I look'd for.

Eup. Y'are kind too late my Lord, had you beene thus
When need requir'd, y'had sav'd your selfe and me,
Our haplesse sonnes, but if your griefe be true,
I can forgive you heartily.

Phi. And I.

Eng.

The Heire.

Eng. Now comes my pue, my Lord *Polimeies*,
Vnder correction let me aske one question.

Pol. What question? speake.

Eng. If this young Lord should live, would you bestow
your daughter willingly upon him, would you my Lord?

Pol. As willingly as I would breath my selfe.

Eng. Then dry all your eyes,
There's no man here shall have a cause to weepe,
Your life is sav'd, *Lencothoe* is no Heire, (to *Philocles*.
Her brother lives, and that cleares you Count *Virro*
Of your supposed murder. *All.* How, lives!

Eng. Yes lives to call thee brother *Philocles*.

Len. Oh my deare brother. *He discovers himselfe.*

Pol. My sonne, welcome from death.

En. Pardon me good my Lord, that I thus long
Have from your knowledge kept my selfe conceal'd,
My end was honest.

Pol. I see it was,
And now sonne *Philocles* give me thy hand,
Here take thy wife, she loves thee I dare sweare,
And for the wrong that I intended thee,
Her portion shall be double what I meant it.

Phi. I thanke your Lordship.

Pol. Brother *Enphues*,
I hope all enmity is now forgot
betwixt our houses.

Enp. Let it be ever so, I doe imbrace your love.

Vir. Well, my life is sav'd yet, though my wench belost,
God give you joy. *Phi.* Thankes good my Lord.

1 In. How suddenly this tragicke sceane is chang'd,
And turn'd to Comcedie. *2 In.* Tis very strange.

Pol. Let us conclude within. *The King speakes*

King: Stay, and take my joy with you. *from above.*

Enp. His Majesty is comming downe, let us attend.

Enter King.

King. These jarres are well clos'd up, now *Philocles*,
What my rash oath deny'd me, this blest houre

The Heire.

And happy accident has brought to passe
The saving of thy life.

Phi. A life my Liege,
That shall be ever ready to be spent
Vpon your service.

King. Thankes good *Philocles*.
But where's the man whose happy presence brought
All this unlook'd-for sport : where is *Eugenio* ?

Eng. Here my dread Liege.

King. Welcome to Syracuse,
Welcome *Eugenio*, prithee aske some boone
That may requite the good that thou hast done.

Eng. I thanke your Majesty, what I have done
Needes no requitall, but I have a sute
Vnto Lord *Euphras*, please it your Majesty
To be to him an intercessor for me,
I make no question but I shall obtaine.

King. What is it ? speake, it shall be granted thee.

Eng. That it would please him to bestow on me
His Neece, the faire and vertuous Lady *Lada*.

Eup. With all my heart, I know twill please her well,
I have often heard her praise *Eugenio*.
It shall be done within.

King. Then here all strife ends,
Ile be your guest my selfe to day, & helpe
To solemnize this double marriage.

Pol. Your royall presence shall much honour us.

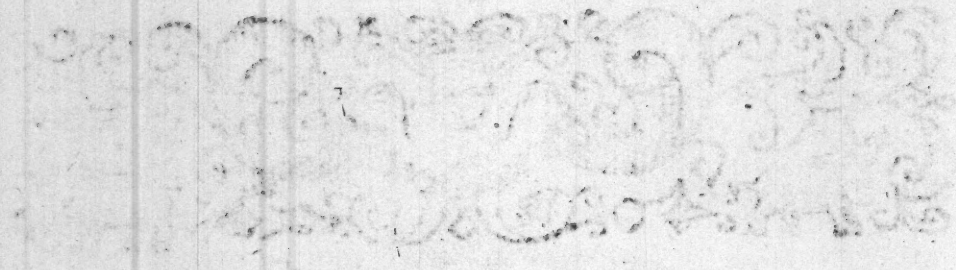
King. Then leade away, the happy knot you tye,
Concludes in love two houses enmity.

FINIS.



THE EPILOGVE.

O *Vr Fleire is fall'n from her inheritance;
But has obtain'd her love; you may advance
Her higher yet; and from your pleas'd hands give
A dowry, that will make her truely live.*



THE EPILOGUE

○ No. 1. This is the first of the series of
the higher set, and from the first of the
series, that will make the first of the

THE
HEIRE.
A
COMEDIE.

As it was Acted by the Company
of the Revels.

1620.

Written by T. M.
The second Impression.



LONDON,

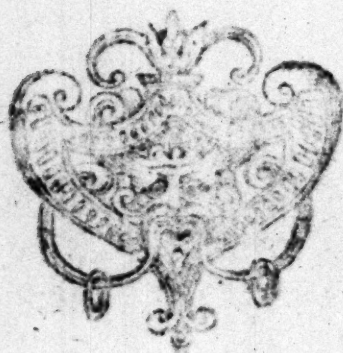
Printed by *Augustine Mathewes*, for *Thomas Iones*,
and are to be sold at his shop in *S. Dunstons*
Church-yard in Fleetstreet.

1633.

THE
HERF
A
COMEDIE

As it was Acted by the Company
of the Revels.
1630.

Written by T. M.
The second Impression.



LONDON,
Printed by I. I. for Thomas I. I.
and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstons
Church-yard in Fleetstreet.
1633.

